The Times-Dispatch. PUBLISHED DAILY AND WEEKLY AT THE

TIMES-DISPATCH BUILDING. BUSINESS OFFICE, NO. 916 EAST MAIN STREET

> Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Washington Bureau: No. 216 Colorado Building, Fourteenth and G Streets,

Manchester Bureau: Carter's Drug Store, No. 1102 Hull Street. Petersburg Headquarters: J. Beverley Harrison's, No. 109 North Bycamore Street His kingdom there shall be no sad. Then said Mary unto the angelt 'How shall this

The DAILY TIMES-DISPATCH is sold at 2 cents a copy.

The SUNDAY TIMES-DISPATCH is sold at 5 cents a copy.

The DAILY TIMES DISPATCH, including Sunday, in Richmond and Manchester, by carrier, 12 cents per week or 50 cents per month,

THE TIMES-DISPATCH, Richmond, Va.

BY MAIL. One Six Three One Myear, Mos. Mos. Mo. Daily, with Sun... \$5.00 \$25.50 \$11.25 50c Daily without Sun.. \$3.00 1.50 .75 2.50 Sun edition only. 2.00 1.00 .50 25c Weekly (Wed.)... 1.00 .50 .25 ...

All Unsigned Communications will be

Rejected Communications will not be returned unless accompanied by stamps.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1904.

What Mr. Lawson Can Do. Whether Mr. Lawson's articles are more fake than fact is being rapidly lost sight of in the effect of sincerity that has been produced by allowing them to go unchal lenged. He has certainly chosen the richest combination of men in America, if not in the world, as the objects of his attack. He has given time, place and circumstance, and has made enough specific charges to make himself prima facto for unlimited libel suits, and yet the octopus has not stirred. Such failure to respond to imputations which any honest man would spontaneously resent can mean only one of two things-either Mr. Lawson's focs are dead to all honorable, natural and warm-blooded feelings, they dare not come out into the open In either event there is produced on the public mind a feeling of profound distrust both of the men who have amassed millions, and of the methods by which it was done. At present we are having good times; crops are abundant, railroads are prospering; the iron business is im proving, and the country at large is far removed from stagnation or hard times. On the other hand, such conditions canno always continue, and the unvarying teaching of financial history is the certainty of recurring panies and business depression. When such days do comeas come they will-the seed sown by Lawson will bear much fruit of socialism, class hatred, envy and distrust. Nor is it wise or profitable to decry Lawson and blame him as a cause for conditions which he exploited but only very slightly helped to produce. At the bottom, the American people believe in their courts, their national and personal honesty, and it will take more than Mr. Lawson's experience with a gang of pirates on the high seas of finance to seriously disturb the people's confidence in their institu-There is, however, a great differ ence between loss of confidence and an awakened conscience. If Mr. Lawson shall succeed in showing the terrible dan of a growing spirit of graft, and shall thereby wake up the public's dor mant spirit of simple honesty, and arouse a popular cry for straightforward deal

ing, he will have played a good part. In the meantime the danger is that the spirit of discontent he has let loose wil not become a militant demand for civic and personal alghteousness, but will only fester in the hearts of those who for any cause feel oppressed. Reforms are not so made, and the lesson of Mr. Lawson's article should be renewed vigor for all honest men in their fight against the spirit of graft, which is simply the desire, by stock juggling, bribery, politics, cut rates or what not, to get something for

The Incarnation.

"I believe in the Immaculate Conception, though there is no such proof of it as there is of the Resurrection. The New Testament writers do not dwell upon it."—Dr. Lyman Abbott.

If Dr. Abbott means the "Immaculate Conception," so-called, there is no argument. But if he means the Incarnation qualification which he makes in the last line. It is true that St. Mark and St. John make no mention of the birth of Jesus Christ, for each begins his narrative from the beginning of our Lord ministry. But St. Matthew and St. Luke each gives a circumstantial account, some what brief in the case of St. Matthew.

"Now the birth of Jesus Christ." say as His mother, Mary, was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost Then Joseph, her husband, being a jusand not willing to make her a pubman, and not willing to make he lic example, was minded to put her away privily. But while he thought on these things, behold! the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying Joseph, thou son of David, fear not t take unto thee Mary, thy wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Hol-Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying: 'Behold! a virgin shall be with child and shall bring forth a son; and they shall call His name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, Got with us. Then Joseph, being raised from sleep, did as the angel of the Lord had and knew her not till she had brough forth her first born son; and he called His

St. Luke's narrative is even more cir-

ing of a banner was greated with loud the flor. It is our opinion that the art outbreak soon assumed formidable proportions."

desire for themselves when they have in a flore. It is our opinion that the art of listening is a finer art and more to be desired and cultivated than the art of speaking—as conversations now go.

briel was sent from God unto a city of Gallice, named Nazareth, to a virgin es-

poused to a man whose name was Joseph,

of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel came in tuto her and said: 'Hall! thou art highly

favored; the Lord is with thee; blessed

art thou among women.' And when sho

saw him she was troubled at his saying

and cast in her mind what manner of sal-

utation this should be. And the angel

sold unto her; 'Foar not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God, And behold!

thou shall conceive in thy womb and bring forth a son, and shall call His name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the

Lord God shall give unto Him the throne

of His father, David, And He shall reign

be, seeing I know not a man?', And the

angel answered and said unto her: 'The

Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the

power of the Highest shall overshadow

bee; therefore also that holy thing which

shall be born of thee shall be called the

Son of God. And behold; thy cousin,

Elizabeth, she hath also conceived a son

in her old age, and this is the sixth month

with her who was called barren; for with

God nothing shall be impossible. And

Mary said: Behold! the handmaid of the

word.' And the angel departed from her.

into the hill country with haste, into a

city of Judah. And entered into the house

came to pass that when Elizabeth

Blessed art thou among women, and

ed in mine cars, the babe leaped in my

womb for joy. And blessed is she that be-

lieved, for there shall be a performance

of those things which were told her from

the Lord.' And Mary said: 'My soul doth

magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath

rejoiced in God, my Saviour. For He hath regarded the low estate of His hand-

malden; for behold! from henceforth all

tered the proud in the imagination of

their hearts. He hath put down the

mighty from their seats and exalted them

of low degree. He hath filled the hun-

gry with good things, and the rich He

hath sent empty auny. He hath helpen-

His servant, Israel, in remembrance of

His mercy, as He spake to our fathers,

to Abraham and to his seed, forever."

Read and ponder, all ye who doubt, and

answer to your conscience if in these sim-

ple statements the authors have followed

"cunningly devised fables." There is in

the narrative itself a directness which

breathes of conviction, and the eloquence

of these God-appointed and consecrated

women is inspired and inspiring. "Bless-

ed be the Lord God of Israel, who hath

visited and redeemed His people," and

blessed be the anniversary of the birth

Libraries and Street Improve-

ment.

Elsewhere we print a communication

from a well-known and public-spirited

citizen, in which he makes a strong ar-

gument in behalf of a public library for

Richmond. Subjoined to the communica-

tion is a table compiled for the United

States. Reports of September, 1902, show-

ing the value of libraries in other manu-

number of books in the racks and num

that Richmond makes a favorable com-

parison with other cities in the list in the

matter of paved streets, and the sums

expended in street cleaning, but pays

nothing towards the support of a public

library.
For example, the cities of Worcester,

Fall River, Scranton, Lowell, Grand

Rapids and Dayton each has a popula-

tion greater than that of Richmond.

but none of them save Dayton has as

many miles of paved streets. These

oltles paid in that year for street clean-

ing the sums of \$107,000, \$63,000, \$16,000,

\$70,000, \$50,000 and \$40,000, respectively.

while Richmond expended on the same

But the same cities expended for main

tenance of libraries the sums of \$34,000.

\$15,000, \$10,000, \$16,000, \$8,000 and \$11,000,

while Richmond expended nothing. It

would appear from this that the tax-

payers of Worcester, Fall River, Scran-

on, Lowell, Grand Rapids and Dayton

think that it is important to maintain

public libraries as well as to pave streets

remembered that the population of

these places is composed largely of men

should not the people of Richmond take

The Grito.

Mention has already been made in the

by Miss Cassie Moncure Lyne, of Rich-

mond, which has just issued from the

pany, of New York Miss Lyne has writ-

States. As the name implies the narra-

being the first signal of revolt against

Spanish rule in Mexico. "On September

of the Son of God.

and population.

account \$56,000.

the same view?

the house of Jacob forever, and of

isfactory either as history or romance. But the author of The Grito has shown ingenuity in separating fact from fiction and differentiating them so that the reader may not become confused. "In weaving this work," says she in her own come from the shuttle of truth; but as

The hero of the love story is a Virginian of good birth and education, who is a refuge under pathetle circuinstances; the heroine is a charming Moxican girl, who loves with the desperate devotion of her race, but loves in purity. and honor, and under the most trying circumstances and pressure defeats the Is it not the off-repeated picture of that darin gand despicable efforts of those in . Inn at Bethiehem, in which was no room high places to marry her to a man of for Jesus? Does not the reception of the rank, and saves herself pure and new-born Christ typify with strange acspotless for her Virginia lover. These curacy the way His Gospel is still retwo characters, the Virginia gentleman ceived by the world? and the Mexican lady, are creations reflecting credit upon the genius and sen-

Lord; be it unto me according to thy timent of the author. And Mary arose in those days and went Miss Lyne during her residence in Texas and some of them are for the first time related in print. She introduces Sam of Zacharias and saluted Elizabeth. And Houston, Davy Crocket, Bowle, Travis and other heroes of this notable and heard the salutation of Mary the babe noble struggle for independence and her leaped in her womb; and Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Chost. And she description of the Alamo and the narspake out with a loud voice and said; rative of its famous massacre are portrayed and related with oircumstantial blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And detail and dramatic effect. By virtue whence is this to me, that the mother of of similarity of circumstances the book my Lord should come to me? For lo! as bears a striking resemblance to "Alice soon as the voice of thy salutation soundof Old Vincennes," but loses nothing by comparison with that distinguished historic novel.

The Grito is a readable book and the style is far from commonplace. To use a hackneyed phrase the characters, both fictional and historical, are well sustained in personality and in action, and in the conversations there are many bright bits of wit and repartee, as well as gems of pathos and philosophy.

generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done to me great Miss Lyne may well be proud of her things, and holy is His name, And His mercy is on them that fear Him, from book and Richmond may also be proud of this new acquisition to the list of her generation to generation. He hath shewed men and women of letters. strength with His arm; He hath scat-

An Unworthy Practical Joke. Among the letters to Santa Claus which were published in Saturday's Times-Dis-

patch appears the following: My Dear Santa,—Please send me a pair of red slippers, number eight, some nice candy and oranges, and 1 like peanuts, Don't forget, I want a nice pair of Your little girl, NANCY R. SELDEN, 304 South Third Street.

This letter, which was published by us in good faith, has proved to be an unworthy and wholly improper attempt by some unknown person to play a practical joke on a young lady. For four years the deal of innocent pleasure to the little children of the community. Heretofore, every one apparently understood and acted on the principle that such letters must be really written by the children, or the whole feature would degenerate into an intolerable bore and nulsance. If practical jokers are going to abuse this privilege by sending fraudulent letters and

Santa Claus will have to be abolished and the children deprived of this pleasure. The Virtue of Silence.

perpetrating poor jokes, the letters to

The Economist, of Eliabeth City, N. C., facturing cities, cost of maintenance, ber of books circulated, together with number of miles of paved and unpaved entitled, "The Art of Conversation." But streets, amounts paid for street cleaning the Economist thinks that the "Art of Silence" is a finer art .. The design of this table is to show

"It is more than golden," says our contemporary; "It is the philosopher's stone the idle gabble of a thousand garrulus talkers."

In concluding its remarks, the Economist makes this eloquent and pathetic

"History furnishes no great man who had not the mastery of the unruly member. In the history of the world's greatest empire there is but one record of the achievements of conversation, and that was when the gobble of the geese betrayed the approach of Brannus, and saved.

ed the approach of Brannus, and saved.

Thome from a surprise.

"We hope our influential contemporary will not diszeminate his unwise adulation of that quality in which the goose along is superior to man.

"Observe tha hen, that great benefactor of humanity. She loves her offspring and would love to rear her progeny in cases. but she cannot cestrain her de-

peace, but she cannot restrain her de-light at the gratification of her maternal light at the gratification of her maternal instincts. Her tongue gets the mastery of her wisdom, and she 'cackles,' 'and lo', her visions of happiness become nothing but ashes, and that egg which might have been the gern of a game cock, the proud champion of the pit, or perhaps the !ess bellicose 'bird of dawning' is made to merely tekle the palate of a gourmand in a morning dram.

'Oh! our beloved brother, of 'The Times-Dispatch,' learn a lesson from inc

Times-Dispatch, learn a lesson from the chambers wholly new to you, and you cackle of the hen and withhold thy yourself shall be amazed when the great virtual assault upon the great silent men spiritual capacity of your nature unof history,
The conversational gobbler may be a

Bless your soul, it was for silence that Jesus.

we were pleading, at least for silence while the other fellow is talking. The ai- a fire spark to a star; hopes, which were ticle was a plea for polite listening and to His hope like the phosphorescence o a denunciation of garrenous men and death to the warm, life growing smilightlike water through the mill and deluge in this crowded world. Only for Jesu all who would speak a word in reply, there was "no room in the inn." "We have great respect for the ellent man No room! And is your heart so full, and even greater respect for the silent my brother? No room for Him, and woman, but as there must be conversation your only hope? No room for Him, and Guana Juato, Miguel Fladalgo, headed a beg of the garrulous that they be fair life? cumstantial. He says; band which fixed some political prisoners. and considerate, and in conversation give if this be so, I warn you at your peril "And in the sixth month the angel Ga- Hidaigo, after relebrating mass in the to others that politic attention which they make Him room. Fing out your choice

church, proclaimed a revolt. The rais- desire for themselves when they have Generally speaking, the historical novel We are trying to discipline the men and is to many of us at least quite unsat-istactory other as history or romance, who break in with interruptions when more conservative and considerate persons are modestly endeavoring to have their

say. A sweet tempered gentleman of this city on a certain occasion was beaton words, "the woot-the listorical facts- silence by an adversary in conversation, and when the adversary was gone, he re coloring is necessary to a tapestry, for warp I have used a little love thie, a local little love the community of the local little love the local

"The Manger."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.) "Because there was no room for then in the inn." St. Luke, il., 7.

Is it not true to-day? What is the as poet of our busy and unbelleving world?

The Gospel is not fought against, nor frankly met in any way. It is simply crowded out. Christ comes with His The historical facts were gathered by truth to the intellect. What is the answer? Every chamber, from garret to cellar, is pre-engaged. Science, morals, physics, politics, history, art-all thes with us, and must be royally fed and lodged. For this new applicant there is no room in the inn.

Christ comes with His work to the will, but what chance for any entrance, when all the avenues of the will are packed to stagnation with little ephemerial plans or great, absorbing schemes, which have taken up their permanent abode The inn is full. Christ comes with His love to the great

roomy, hospitable heart. But the hos Mality has been already more than wasted on a host of beggarly and unworthy claimants, so that when the heart's Master appears there is no room to spare. Thus dally is the scene of Bethlehem repeated. He comes to His own, and His own receive Him not, The world is too full for Christ, the heart too crowded for its Saviour.

In the group gathered that night in Bethlehem there may have been the stout Jewish farmers, with their money bags to pay their taxes; a potty gover nor or two, great with the pride of small official business; half a dozen Roman soldiers, brutal in the insolence of their great citizenship; a few travelling priosis; perhaps a rabbi laying down the law and a few idlers hanging 'round the doorway, or lounging by the fire-a company, dead and forgotten centuries ago, crowd-ing and filling-it with busile and heedless merriment, while Immanuel was born into the world. He came to save and "laid in a manger because there was

no room for them in the inn."

They would have found room enough if they liad only known! If they had dreamed that the only Saviour of Jew or Gentile was so near. And you, too, dear brother, would find room for Christ to be born in your own crowded heart if you but felt that in His birth, lay your one chance of goodness here or joy hereafter.
By long unspiritually, by great world-

liness, we reduce our aims and cramp the life, until we make the soul small and parrow. You may make the room so meen that great truth cannot live in there. But do not dare to think that this was God's plan for you and your life! He drew its architecture on a lordwhose editor, Mr. R. B. Creecy, is one ly scale. He designed for you great, of the oldest and one of the most distin- generous, capacious lives. He built you guished of the craft in that State, makes to be "temples of the Holy Ghost." Then some interesting comments on an article all fair chambers in your nature, walled recently appearing in The Times-Dispatch, up by long obstinacy, filled with the rubbish of long neglect, which were shaped and garnished for His own holy indwelling and presence.

Man (in the face of all his degraded humanity) was made fit for the birththat converts all the baser metals into place of the Christ. The Gospel stands yellow jack is. It is wealth without arro- forever in the midst of the little, base gance; dignity without hostility, and has and degraded lives and protests that this been the source of more happiness than is not the true exhibit of the life that

soul into a home of lust; to the poor inebriate, whose life is recking with the fumes of stale and sickly habit; to the trifler, who decorates his tent with glittering tinsel; to the mean man, who has been deliberately cramping up his stingy heart, wailing up windows, shutting all doors; to each of them the Gospel brings its protest. God says to each: "You may make your lives foul and tawdry and meagre; you may starve or overcrowd your soul, till there is no room for noble thought or pure dealre; but you do It at your perll."

Many, when the Christ child offers free salvation, turn from it, feeling their own unworthiness.

But beware how you yield to such a feeling. It may be humble, but it is not truly reverent, nor the spirit of trustful faith. God made your heart, and knows it far hetter than you do. Christ knows whether there be room there or not. Only let Ilim in, and He will throw open chambers wholly new to you, and you spiritual capacity of your nature un

folds to entertain its spiritual guest. In this great caravansary, when trav cilers are met middle way upon their journey from eternity to eternity, there has been room found for every interest except religion, and for every friend but

Truths, which were to His truth but have found an open and ready welcome No room! And is your heart so full,

OLD CHRISTMASES.

By CHARLES WAGNER, Author of "The Simple Life," etc.

(Copyright, 1904, by McGlure, Phillips & Co.)

It often happens that observances are more closely followed which are left to the good will of each than those which have been designed and prescribed.

An instance of this is the commemoration of birth of Christ, compared with that of his death.

For the latter Christ took measures. He who had hardly instituted or appointed anything, taught His disciples to take bread and wine together in remembrance of Him. He uttered upon that occasion words which have remained venerable among all, and followed them with the request: "This do in remembrance of Me." Now, it has happened that this solemn repast has become through the ages the meetingground of controversy. Similarly, in certain families, days of reunion are days of battle. Not one word pronounced by Christ on the last evening of His life has had the fortune to pass peacefully down history. Every one of them has been the toy of sectarian imaginations, sectarian heat. And now that the antagonists have calmed down, indifference has succeeded hostility. The Last Supper is deserted. Where it is celebrated, how rare are true communions! Do we not appear at it usually, like mere figures in a picture of fraternity, belied by facts?

Was that what Jesus asked of us, when, already upon the threshold of the invisible world, He left us this prayer: "This do in remembrance of Me?"

As to His birth, Christ gave no thought to the manner of its celebration by His disciples. They do not appear to have remembered it during His life. Had He ever any knowledge of the adorable stories begarlanding His crib for us? It is hardly probable. And, behold, that forgotten, neglected birthday has conquered a place of honor. It is celebrated in conditions in which the Saviour might recognize His own purposes. To speak of one aspect only: Jesus loved children as no one has ever loved them. "Let them come to Me." He said to the lofty apostles, anxious to guard Him from that merry, unruly crowd, suspected incapable of edification. No doubt, those most serious ancestors of our traditions had occasion that day, and often in similar circumstances, to believe the Master touched with a harmless insanity.

No matter, the intentions of the Son of Man have been largely realized. His birthday has become the day of the children. No earthly day has shed more brightness upon their path. No church festival gives more life to the immeasurable truth of the promise: "I shall be with you to the end of the world." None makes it sweeter to the heart.

Christmas has a charm beyond them all. It was the Christian soul, filled full with Jesus, created this festival. Every generation has given it something ofits own. There has been a rivalry of goodwill. In the Eucharist, according to a doctrine, the abuse of which must not make us forget its true and sorrowfud profoundness, Christ dies from age to age for our sins, and will suffer until the last sinner is saved. In the radiance of Christmas, Christ smiles eternally upon the little ones, and the grown-up who can make themselves children again.

Where else in the world can one find such an accumulation of memories? The Christmases of his childhood light up a blessed corner in the heart of every man. The more He becomes aged and joyless the brighter shines the light there in the beloved past. Let me close my eyes, forget the present, and for a moment live over again the happy time when I had a grandfather, a grandmother, a father and mother, and all the wealth of life and hope God sows so bountifully in the childish soul.

I can see on winter evenings, the white earth and the glowing western sky. We knew what it meant, that red glow, in the neighborhood of Christmas day. Our grandmothers had told us: "The Christmas lady is baking her cakes." And the lively childish imagination, to which nothing is impossible, readily erected up in the golden clouds a heavenly kitchen in which comely angels heated the ovens and kneaded the dough. Heaven was so near that the smoke of our roofs seemed to us to float toward its courts.

At the coming of evening, however, and the closing in of night, it could not be but a shadow should fall upon the picture. For if well-behaved children sec angels, naughty boys are afraid of some one making ready to give them their deserts. This personage was Hans-Drabb. I made the personal acquaintance of this unaccommodating individual, who preceded by a few

days the amiable white lady, begrer of the twinkling fir tree. He never frightened us more than was endurable; and well justified we thought him, and a good sort of fellow, in spite of his stern face. He had, day by day, watched us and taken account of our boyish mischief and misdeeds. And if he offered bundles of rods to our mothers, by help of which to subdue us, was he' not fulfilling an indispensable function? We, therefore, had for Hans-Drabb a respectful, somowhat timorous liking. Besides, did not the rattling of chains in the lobbies, the knockings at the door, the gruff and threatening sound of his voice, all announce the approach of the divine evening? Each one of us, if he could have expressed his soul, would have said with the poet:

"I walk and live in my starry dream." The long-for evening arrived. After the short December day-too long for our impatience-the shade deepened, the stars came forth. In the room which grew carker and darker, the children were gathered together. Papa used to hold me on his knees. I can still feel his chin brushing the top of my head, and pricking a little. And we would ask: "Why is mamma not in the room? Has she gone, like the last year on the same occasion, to call upon that old lady in the neighborhood? Will she miss the lovely Christ-

mas hady again? . . . What a pity! . . ."

Suddenly the ringing of a bell resounded in the corridor, drawing nearer and nearer. The door opened with an effect of mystery. Veiled, silent the celestial lady entered, carrying, like a torch, the diminutive

fir tree. Each of us said his prayer. Oh, those little artless, simple-minded prayers! I have begun once more to may them. If I become old, I shall end by saying no others. The good lady listened to them. At their close her voice was heard, gentle, with echoes in it of another world.

And mysteriously as it had come, her white form withdrew, leaving in our souls, for weeks to follow, a-luminous wake.

Later, upon such a day, having grown bigger, and become a narrow observer of all things, I looked closely and long at the lady through her veil. She had lost a tooth, in exactly the same place as mamma. . . A light flashed upon me. Mamma's absence at every visit of the gracious lady completed my illumination. Without disturbing the faith of the younger children, I, was from that day forth fixed in my conviction-the Christmas lady was mamma!

The years have passed. Almost all of the guests of those far-away Christmases have entered the eternal habitations. When the fir trees are lighted to-day, and my thought follows each beloved member of my family, it flies toward the absent in the land of the consoling mystery. I feel their souls surrounding ours. And as in the thrice happy hours of childhood, heaven and earth seem to draw near to each other and mingle. Slowly in the heart of the mature man a union has been effected between the ingenuous, forever holy and well-founded faith of little children and the discovery of the keen-eyed older boy. The Christmas lady, I believe in her. There was truth in what happened. The reddened evening skies verily are indications of her labor of love. We are remembered up there! Further than our eyes can reach, an invisible loving kindness is watching over us and preparing what shall gladden our hearts. The eyes of the children saw truly. They penetrate farther than the astronomical glasses which pretend that there is nothing in the infinite. For what sweeter proof of what goes on up there, what better interpreter of His' intentions, what richer dispenser of His gifts, has the Father in heaven sent us, than our mothers? It is, therefore, true "The Christmas lady is mamma," sister of the angels, beloved messenger of the good God.

We are told that no plummet has ever fathomed the depth of certain lakes. The reason is perhaps that the line was not sufficiently long. But this is sureone deep there is which no fathoming line, however perfected, can sound. It is the maternal heart, and it is filled with love.

My God, devoutly I wish that all the children should have beautiful Christmases, and that in this cold world, gloomy as certain December nights, those we call the grown-up should be able to find, back in the depth of their childhood soul, a luminous refuge, warm, radiant with love and with hope.

sailors fling out their silks and gold to and another on Monday,

Let the guests who keep Him out stand

that they have usurped.

No room for Jesus! The angels in the courts of heaven, amid their songs and The moral of the "Independent" an-

The Hartford Times, which has a of remembering things, throws out this

ter must be disturbed by the announce-ment that Mrs. Astor has invited twelve hundred people to attend her annual ball. Only about ten years have elapsed since the social spekesman of Manhattan declared that only four hundred persons were really "in society" in New York

Senator Platt regrets his inability offer Senator Depew a Christmas gift this morning; but the old man faithful is still hoping to hand the "young" man cloquent a New Year's greating in the way of a practical assurance of je-election to the Senate. In New York political circles a great deal may be done in the holidays, and the old man is a fine holiday worker.

certain reformers are about to start novement in fayor of the adoption i Virginia of the New England style celebrating Christmas, which means the elimination of the pop-cracker and its progeny. This is one of the reforms that will be mighty slow reforming,

The anti-saloon folks and other temperance workers will not fall to make comes on Sunday the flowing egg-nogg

It is semi-officially announced that Pres

up before Him. They know—the spirits ident Roosevelt did not hang up a stockof earth and hell, to whom you gave His ing last night. Ho got all that was comof earth and hell, to whom you gave Ilis ing to him last November, and if there room—(if you do not) whose place it is was then anything missing, it will come in all right on the 4th of March next,

adoration and love; nay, more, the God nouncement of the Cincinnati Enquirer who sits upon the throne, will rejoid if appears to be that John R. McLean has to-day you will open your closed heart abandoned all hope of getting elected and bid the Christ child welcome home, to the United States Senate by an Ohio 'Democratic' Legislature.

Don't try to manage your youngsters this week. The youngster who will con-sent to be manageable this week will never amount to anything in the years that are on before.

If one in ten thousand really under stand the significance of Christmas, it is well enough; but do they? There are no remarks to he Christmus is here to speak for itself, and

its voice was loud enough last night. Just why Mr. Roosevelt should not consider this the greatest Christmas he ever

The small boy will own the town tonorrow. He held a right smart slice of

black and hungry sea, as bowl gets two innings, one on Saturday "sect," slipuld full to disrepute as a sort their silks and gold to and another on Monday. "sect," singlid Rill to discipline a a soof term of reproach, while "denomination" maintains its respectability. There
is some doubt whether "sect" comes from
the Latin "seco" ("I cut") or from "sequor" ("I follow"). The exicons are divided, though the weight of authority
favors the former derivation. Adopting
that, "sect" simply means a division, and
the implication is that enough difference
exists to justify it. "Denomination"
would seem to suggest that the differcance is merely or mainly one of name,
and being such ought not to exist, Still
there is no use in quarrelling over it.
The fact is, that "sect" is a term of reproach and "denomination" is all right.—
Religious Herald. Religious Herald.

The Misused Festival.

The Misused Festival.

When the world has misused and abused the noble festival, she has faithfully gone on her appointed way, reminding them that it was the Memorial Day of the most splendid incident in the world's listory; the one point of vital, human contact between Almighty God and His creature, man, And when abuses have so thriven around the festival as to make some Christians despair of its usefulness she has faithfully reminded them that Our Blessed Lord did not destroy His misused temple, but faithfully cleansed it. She has patiently showed them that no matter what mistakan men might do, and how they might abuse it, this great festival was one of the sacred irusts of the historic Church, and that she must do her best always and everywhere to make it fit and serviceable for man's spiritual needs.—Southern Churchman.

No Fault in Him.

is this Christmas does not suit you, just wait for the next one. It may be better.

It is well that Christmas and Sunday come together, Each is equally significant.

Merry Christmas. Heapy New Year will be mentioned later.

FROM RELIGIOUS

CONTEMPORARIES

"Sect" and "Denomination."

It is a little singular that the word,